

O F
T Y R T Æ
K TRANSLATED INTO
ENGLISH VERSE,
WITH
N O T E S,
AND THE
O R I G I N A L T E X T.

*Post hos insignis HOMERUS,
TYRTÆUSQUE mares animos in Martia bella
Versibus exacuit.* HORACE.

*Quid? HORATIUS frustra TYRTÆUM HOMERUS
subjunxit?* QUINTILIAN.

L O N D O N,
Printed for THO. PAYNE, next the *Muse Gate*,
in *Castle Street, St. Martin's.* MDCCCLXI.
[Price 1s. 6d.]

TRANSLATED INTO

THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE

WITH



ORIGINAL TEXT

THE HISTORY OF THE
BRITISH MUSEUM
FROM ITS FOUNDATION
TO THE PRESENT TIME
BY
JOHN SMITH
OF THE MUSEUM

LONDON

Printed for T. Payne, near the Mouth Gate,
in Pall Mall, by J. Smith, Printer.
[Price 1s. 6d.]

PREFACE.

THERE is a Desire natural enough in most Readers of meeting with some Recommendation of the Work that is offered to their Perusal. For which Reason the Editor of any Writings in a dead Language usually collects what Circumstances he can of his Author's

Life, and Reputation among the Ancients; — Circumstances particularly favourable in the present Case. For as few Authors ever enjoyed Honours more proportionable to their Merit whilst living, or a greater Share of Fame among their Posterity, than TYRTÆUS, so, perhaps, his Story is one of the most remarkable of Antiquity.

THE *Lacedæmonians*, having blocked up *Messene*, made a Vow
at

at the same Time, that they would die to a Man before the Walls, rather than raise the Siege. Whereupon it was judged adviseable to consult the Oracle at *Delphi*, that they might the better secure themselves Success. The Oracle ordered them to apply to the *Athenians* for a General, who should infallibly put a happy Conclusion to the Siege. The *Athenians*, though jealous of their Success, in Obedience however to the Oracle, accordingly sent

them a Commander; but took Care it should be one, that appeared not very likely to be of much Service to them. This was no other than TYRTÆUS himself, who at that Time subsisted by the Employment of teaching a School at *Athens*. He was remarkably unhappy in his Person, being deformed, and lame. He had besides the Misfortune to be blind of one Eye; and, according to DIOGENES LAERTIUS, was accounted little better

ter

ter than a Fool. The *Lacedaemonians*, as it was sufficient for them to have an *Athenian* General, renewed their Attack three several Times with great Courage under this Commander, and were as often defeated. So that the *Spartan* Kings had resolved rather to draw off the Army, than at that Time hazard the Consequences of another Engagement. Then it was that TYRTÆUS exerted all his Spirit ; till, by continued Lectures on the Praise of Valour

and the Shamefulness of Cowardice, delivered in strong and moving Numbers, he so inspired the Soldiers with Courage, and even an Impatience of falling for their Country, that each Man, less anxious for his Life, than the Honour of a decent Burial, and a glorious Immortality, bound a Plate of Brass, inscribed with his Name and Family, about his right Arm. This they did for the Convenience of those, who should have the Care of their Interment.

The

The Generals, seeing the Soldiers thus impatient for another Attack, led them on once more to Battle; where, after a bloody and desperate Engagement, the *Lacedæmonians* obtained a compleat Victory over their Enemies the *Messenians*.

WHETHER this happened in the first, or second, *Messenian* War is doubtful; consequently, the Time of our Author cannot be ascertained. From the most probable

probable Accounts, he lived about the 23^d Olympiad. Nor is the Place of his Birth better settled. According to SUIDAS, he was the Son of ARCHOMBROTUS, a *Spartan*, or *Milesian*; which last Opinion Mr. KENNET, in his *Lives of the Greek Poets*, has received, but without giving us any particular Reason for so doing. Others have called him an *Athenian* born; perhaps, from the Answer of the Oracle. But if we consider, that, upon the

Account

Account of his extraordinary Success, he was afterwards honoured with the Title of Free Denizen of *Athens*, it will appear, I think, less probable. And this may serve to shew how highly TYRTÆUS was esteemed by the *Athenians*, before they made him a free Denizen. For we find that MENON, who had supplied the *Athenians* with Two Hundred Horse in the War against *Eon*, near *Amphipolis*, could not obtain that Honour. And PER-

DICCAS, King of *Macedonia*, though he assisted against the *Persians*, was only favoured with a bare Immunity of Tribute, that was paid by Foreigners and Strangers. For the Praises of our Author's remaining Elegies, I shall refer the Reader to LYCURGUS, in an Oration against LEOCRATES, published by Dr. TAYLOR: Again, to Dr. LOWTH'S *Prælections on the End and Use of Poetry*. PLATO, speaking of him, says, O MOST DIVINE POET!

AFTER

AFTER what has been said of the Author, it will not be expected that the Translator should make an Apology to the Public for his Undertaking, though he may have failed in the Execution of it. The learned and candid will at once perceive the great Inferiority of the *English* TYRÆUS, when compared with the *Greek*. They will likewise necessarily consider how nice, and almost impracticable a Point it is to do Justice to an Author of
so

so much Merit. As to his
 Praises, the Translator has al-
 ready referred the Reader else-
 where. But he imagined he saw
 one Peculiarity in his Manner so
 striking, that he cannot help
 mentioning it. It is this; He
 thought the Author's Concep-
 tions at first seemed rather just,
 than great; but that he seldom
 leaves the Pursuit of them, till he
 has carried them to an extraordi-
 nary Height by a Fire of Ima-
 gination almost incredible. The
 Translator

Translator has taken the Liberty of pointing out this Circumstance, as it appeared to him, by dividing some of the *English Elegies* into Paragraphs.

THERE will be still less Need of an Apology to those, who have not read the *Greek TYR-TÆUS*. For, if the rough Copy should tempt them to take a View of the Original, they will, I believe, have little Reason, or Inclination, to be displeased with it, however imperfect.

THE

THE Reader will receive yet farther Pleasure, by reflecting, that he can look back on this Part of ancient History without Regret. He will naturally draw a Comparifon with our own Times ; and he will then readily admit, that we want no TYR-
TÆUS to inspire us with the Love of true Greatnefs, in this our Age and Nation. For, in the Progreff of the prefent War, we have feen many Examples of ENGLISHMEN, who, notwithstanding the Advan-
tages

vantages of Title and Fortune,
which might have secured to
them the Enjoyments of Peace,
yet spirited up by this glorious
Enthusiasm, have died in the
Defence of their Country,

C

Adver-

advantages of Life and Fortune
 which might have secured to
 them the Enjoyment of Peace,
 yet spirited up by the glorious
 Example have died in the
 Defence of their Country.

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Adver-

Advertisement.

IT has been objected by some,
 “ that it is improbable the *Spartan*
 Soldiers, were they ever so well in-
 clined, could attend to the Elegies of
 our Author, in the Heat and Confusion
 of a Battle; that their Success must
 rather be the Effect of their own des-
 perate Courage, or the absolute Com-
 mands of their Generals, than of any
 Spirit of Ambition, or Love of their
 C 2 Country,

Country, inspired by the Verses of TYRTÆUS. Again, say they, it is hardly credible, that these Verses should have so sudden and surprizing an Ascendant over the lower Class of People, however those of a higher Rank might be affected by them."

IN Answer to these Objections, let it first be observed, that these Elegies were not recited during the Action, but usually before the Battle began, as shall hereafter be more fully proved; or, as in the Case before us, between the several Attacks; for we are told by the Historians of that Time, that it was not, till after the *Lacedæmonians* had

had been defeated three several Times, that TYRTÆUS exerted himself. We never hear the Name of *Sparta* mentioned, without immediately conceiving to ourselves an Idea of a People rough in their Manners, jealous of their Liberty, and naturally warlike; of strong Passions, and not easy to be compelled. And these Reflexions easily point out to us the Propriety of persuading such a People by moving and pathetick Remonstrances, and likewise the Probability of their succeeding. That these Remonstrances in-Verse should have so sudden and universal an Effect upon the Minds of the *Lacedæmonians* will appear by no Means unaccountable,

when we consider, that they were in general neither so degenerate, nor ignorant, as we may be apt to imagine from a View of Things at present; that, as they had but few Books in Comparison of what we have, so they became more easily Adepts in them; and that as Poetry was then in its Infancy, (for this was before *Æschylus's* Time) so they could have but few Writers who falsely assumed the Character of Poets, and consequently their Judgement could not be much depraved. Add to this, their Reverence, and Attention to a Man, whom the Oracle had commanded them to receive. But what will more incontestably

testably prove the Merit of our Author is, the great Opinion the *Athenians* had of him at that Time; insomuch that they made him a free Denizen of *Athens*, as has before been observed: And LYCURGUS says, the *Greeks* were so fond of TYRTÆUS beyond all other Poets, that they made a Law, that for the future all the Soldiers, before the Battle began, should stand round the Tent of their General, to hear his Elegies recited, supposing that by that Means they would be less fearful of Death. To which Custom ÆSCHYLUS likewise refers in his *Siege of Thebes*, where, at ver. 275, ETEOCLES bids the Chorus recite Verses after the *Græcian*

C 4 Manner

*Manner, to encourage the Soldiers, and
 overcome the Awe they might have of
 their Enemies. And he probably means
 these very Elegies, as he lived at a
 Time when they must be fresh in every
 Man's Memory.*

22 JY 59

ELE

ELEGIES

TYRTÆUS.

ELEGY.

I would not praise the Man, his Deeds miscell.
Nor e'en make Mention of his Name in Verse.
That's fabled for mighty Feats in Wrestling shewn.

Or for the Prizes that his Speed he won:

The Translator has here followed Strabo's Authority in not dividing this Elegy into two Parts, as in the Oxford, and other Editions. And what the more inclined him to do so was the Connexion there seems to be between the 19th and 20th Verses in the Original, which, according to the usual Division, are in separate Elegies. After having declared what is not the Part of a truly brave Man, from the 10th to the 19th Verse, he now proceeds at the 20th to shew what is so.

Not tho' he equal to the *Cyclops* rise,

In nervous Limbs, and huge Gigantic Size;

Not tho' he spring so nimbly o'er the Field,

That vanquish'd *BORRAS* to his Swiftness yield;

Tho' he surpass *TITHONUS*' graceful Mien,

In just Proportion, and in Look serene:

Tho' he possess of Wealth a larger Store,

Than *Phrygian* *MIDAS*, or than *CYNRAS* more;

Or tho' a Monarch he more Sceptres hold

Than mighty *PELOPS* bore in Times of old;

Tho' on his Lips yet sweeter Accents hung

Than flow'd persuasive from *ADRASTUS*' Tongue;

With ev'ry Virtue tho' completely blest,

If Valour add not Lustre to the rest.

For none can boast a brave and valiant Heart,

And in the Fight maintain a Hero's Part,

Unless he fearless, and intrepid bear

To view the bloody Carnage of the War;

VER. 16. Of *CYNRAS* more.] This probably is the same *CYNRAS* mentioned by *HOMER*. He was King of *Cyprus*, an Island famous for Mines.

And with impatient Fury burn to close
 And Foot to Foot attack his rushing Foes.
 This is a Man's best, greatest, noblest Praise,
 And shall to Youth immortal Glory raise.
 True is that Soldier, faithful to defend
 His Country's Cause, his People's common Friend,
 Himself who hazards Life, and standing nigh
 Exhorts his Comrade that he bravely die.
 This, this is he can boast a valiant Heart,
 And in the Fight maintain a Hero's Part.

HIMSELF he turns th' embattled Foe to Flight,
 And stems the Torrent of th' unequal Fight.
 Ennobling Friends, House, Parents, as he dies,
 Soon 'midst the first a breathless Corse he lies;
 With many a glorious Wound transfix'd before,
 His Shield, and Breast-plate stain'd with flowing Gore.
 The Aged mourn, the Youth their Joys forego,
 And all the City join the common Woe.
 His Children's Children, and those yet to come
 Shall reap fresh Honours from their Parent's Tomb.

VER. 41. His Children's Children, and those yet to come, &c.] There
 is a Speech of HECION, in the fifteenth Book of the Iliad,
 What,

What, tho' his Allies lie entomb'd? His Name
 Shall gain unbounded, and eternal Fame,
 Who, in his Children's and his Country's Right,
 Exerts his utmost Efforts in the Fight; 45
 Maintains his Stand with Honour, joins the Strife,
 And to dread MARS'S Fury yields his Life.

BUT should not Death, involv'd in endless Night
 Snatch him for ever from the Realms of Light; 50
 Should he, successful in his bloody Toils,
 Return in Triumph, crown'd with glorious Spoils,
 To him both Young and Old due Honours pay,
 And endless Pleasures bless his latest Day.

ver. 486, that very much resembles this Passage; and which EUSTATHIUS imagines would have a better Effect on the Minds of the Soldiers, than all the Volumes of *TYRTÆUS*. Unhappy is it for us, that we have no more of his Works left us to judge by. But here, I think, is a Specimen sufficient to shew, that that great Commentator's Judgement was not wholly unbiassed, by his Partiality to HOMER.

Ver. 53. *To him both Young and Old due Honours pay.*] It is needless to say how desirous People have been, in all Times, of being honoured when old. And *PERICLES* says, that it is more Comfort to a Man to be honoured in old Age than to be rich. See his *Funeral Oration*, *Oxford Edition*.

What

What Time he ranks the aged Sires among, 55
 He's still distinguished from th' ignoble Throng.
 'Gainst him no Villain harbours envious Rage,
 Justice, and Fear of Shame protect his Age.
 And when the Senate in full Council meet,
 To him all Orders rising leave their Seat. 60

O! then let all to this high Summit soar
 Of Valour, nor abate the Thirst of War.

Ver. 60. *To him all Orders &c.*] How nice the Ancients were in exacting Respect from the younger to those of more advanced Years may be seen from JUVENAL:

*Credebant hoc grande nefas, & morte piandum,
 Si juvenis vetulo non affurrexerat —*

And it is most probable that the Roman Satyrist alluded to the Lacedæmonians in particular, as the Romans, according to AULUS GELLIUS, derived this Custom from them. For a further Illustration of this Subject, see the *Spectator*, Vol. I, N°. 7.

TYPTAIOT

22

Went to the office to see the manager.

The manager said that the

business was not very good.

He said that the

business was not very good.

He said that the

business was not very good.

He said that the

business was not very good.

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22 JY 59

THE TATLER

Τ Τ Ρ Τ Α Ι Ο Τ

Τ Α

Σ Ω Ζ Ο Μ Ε Ν Α.

Περὶ τῆς πολεμικῆς ἀρετῆς.

Ε Λ Ε Γ. α.

Ο ΥΤ' αἰ μνησαίμεν, ὅτ' ἐν λόγῳ ἄνδρα τιθεῖται.
 Οὔτε πιδῶν ἀρετῆς, ὅτε παλαισματούτης·

Οὐδ' εἰ Κυκλώπων ἔλ' ἔχει μέγιστός τι βίη τε,

Νικῆν δὲ Δίον Θρηάκιον Βορίην·

Οὐδ' εἰ Τιθωνοῖο φῦν χαρίεστερ' εἴη, 5

Πλετοῖν δὲ Μίδην καὶ Κανόρην πάλιν·

Οὐδ' εἰ Ταιηλίδην Πίλονα βασιλεύτερον εἴη,

Γλῶσσαι δ' Ἀδρείου μαιλιχόγηεν ἔχοι·

Οὐδ' εἰ πάντας ἴχοι δέξαι, πλὴν θύροισιν ἀλειψέη.

Οὐ γὰρ αἴψα ἀγαθὸς γίγνεται ἐν πολέμῳ,

10

Εἰ μὴ τιτλαίῃ μὲν ὅρῳ φόνος αἱματόνεια,

Καὶ δαίμων δέχοιτο ἰγυῖν ἰγάμινον.

Ἡ δ' ἀρετὴ, τόδ' αἰθλοὶ ἐν ἀνδράποισιν ἀρίστοι,

Κάλλιστόν τε φέρει γίγνεται ἀνδρὶ νέῳ.

Εὐνοὶ δ' ἐὼς τὸ πᾶν πόλεός τε, παντί τε δήμῳ,

15

Ὅτις ἀνὴρ ἀλκῆς ἐν πολεμείοις μίση

Νηλεΐδῃ, αἰχρῆς δὲ φυγῆς ὑπὸ πείλῃ λαθεῖται,

Ψυχὴν καὶ θυμὸν πλῆμονα παρθέμινον.

Θαρσύνῃ δὲ πιστῇ τὸν πλεονέκον ἀνδρα παρῆλθε·

Οὐτὸς αἴψα ἀγαθὸς γίγνεται ἐν πολέμῳ.

20

Αἶψα δὲ δυσμνίων ἀνδρῶν ἔπειτα φάλαγγας

Τρηχίαιας, αὐτῇ τ' ἰχίθι πῦμα μάχης·

Αὐτὸς δ' ἐν πολεμείοις πιστὸν φίλον ὤλεσε θυμῷ,

Ἄγυ' τε καὶ λαὸν καὶ πατρίδα· ἐν κλείεσσι.

Πολλὰ δ' αἶψ' ἔργοισι καὶ αἰσίνων ὀμφαλόεσσι,

25

Καὶ δ' αἶψ' ὠρῆκεν πόρῳ ἐν πολέμῳ.

Τὸν δ' ὀλοφύροισι μὲν ὅμοις ἴσοι καὶ χέροντες,

Ἀργαλίῃ δὲ πόρῳ πᾶσι κίχῃσι πόλιν.

καὶ τύμβῳ, ἢ παῖδ' ἐν ἀνδράσι ἀείψαι,

καὶ παῖδ' ἐν παῖδι, ἢ γέρον' ἐξουίον.

Πυθέσθ' ἐλθέ· ἰδὼν ἀπὸ λαοῦ, ὅτ' ἔστιν αὐτῷ,

ἄλλ', ὅτ' ἄρ' ἐστὶν ἐν γέρον' ἀθάνατον,

οἷον ἀμειψέσθαι, μέντοι τι, μὴ δάμασθαι τε

Γῆς ὧδ', ἢ παῖδ' ἐν θύρῳ Ἀφρὸς ἔλκον.

Ἐὶ δ' οὐ γὰρ μὲν πῦρ ταυταγίῳ θανάτῳ,

Νεκρώσας δ' αἰχμῇ ἀγλαὸν εὖχος ἔλα'

πάντας μὲν τιμῶσιν ἡμῶς ἴσιν, ὅδ' ἐν παλαιῇ,

Πολλὰ δ' ἐν τιμῇ παθὼν ἔρχε' εἰς αἶδον.

Γράσσειν δ' αἰεὶ μιλωμένῳ, ὅδ' ἐστιν αὐτῷ

βλάπτειν μὲν αἶδ' ἐπὶ δίκῃ ἰδὼν.

πάντας δ' ἐν θανάτῳ ἡμῶς ἴσιν, οἳ τι κατ' αὐτῶν

εἴκω' ἐκ χρόνῳ, οἳ τι παλαιότεροι.

Τούτῳ καὶ τῷ αἶδ' ἀρετῇ εἰς ἄκρον ἰκίεσθαι

Περσέδῳ, θυμὸν μὲν μετρίῳ πολέμῳ.

28

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E. F. G. Y.

D

ELEGY II

HOW long inglorious will ye lie at Rest?
When, when shall Valour warm each youthful
Breast?

Are ye, young Men, insensible to Shame,
Nor fear Dishonour in your Country's Name?
In peaceful Indolence at Ease ye stand;

But War, fierce War cries Havock thro' the Land.

Let each with high, uplifted Shield advance
In A& to fight, and dying point his Lance.
For glorious Fame, more rich than golden Spoil,
Shall wait that Man, and well reward his Toil,
Who bravely fights to save his native Land,
His Wife, his Children from an hostile Hand.

Sooner or later, Death to all must come,
 When Fate shall cease to ply the destin'd Loom.
 Couch then each Lance; let each beneath his Shield 15
 March quickly onward to th' embattled Field.
 And with an Heart as yet untought to fear
 Dare the first Onset, and commence the War.
 For none shall scape from Death's all-conqu'ring Law,
 Tho' from the Gods his Pedigree he draw, 20
 But oft who, scar'd amid these dread Alarms,
 Flies basely trembling at the Din of Arms,
 Without a Friend at Home inglorious lies,
 And there unheeded, unlamented dies.

BUT does some Ill the brave and bold await? 25

Both rich and poor at once lament his Fate.

Ver. 10. For none shall scape from Death's all-conqu'ring Law.]
 This Passage seems to be imitated by HORACE:

Dilecti, & decemque pro Patria viri,
Mors & fugam persequitur Furor;
Non parca imbellis Juventa
Populum, timida terret.

Thick

Their Chief deca'd all mourn with wistful Eyes;
All, as a God; their living Hero prize.
On him, as on a brazen Tow'r they gaze;
For his one Arm a Legion's Might displays.

30



Then Obed's heart, all mourn with wailful cry;

All as a God, his power is high;

Of him, a new power I own to-day;

For his one arm, a legion's might display.

F A R T H E R

M



D. V. E. L.

~~ΕΛΛΗΝΙΚΗ ΓΡΑΜΜΑΤΙΚΗ~~

Ε Λ Ε Γ. β.

ΜΕΧΡΙΣ ΤΩ ΑΝΤΑΓΩΝΙΣΜΩ, ΑΝΤ' ΑΛΛΗΛΩΝ ΕΞΕΙΝ ΘΥΜΩΣ

Ω ΝΙΟΙ, ὅς ὃν αἰδοῖσθ' ἀμφότεροι τήνδε

ΩΔΗ ΔΙΔΩ ΜΕΛΙΣΣΙΤΑΣ, ἢ ΕΙΣΕΝΤ' Εἰ ΔΑΨΑΝΤΑ

ΗΘΕΙ· Αὐτὰρ πάλιν· γαῖαν ἀέποισι ἔχου,

Εὖ τοῦ τις ἀπείδω θείδω ἐκείνηδ' ἐκ πολυμήδων·

Καὶ τίς ἀνέλεσται ἔργα, ἀντιπάλους;

Τιμῶν τι γὰρ ἔστι, ὃς ἀγνοῖται ἀνδρῶν, πολυμήδων

Γῆς ὄρεα, ἣ πάλιν ἀνέλεται τ' ἀνέλεται,

Δυσσέβασιν. Σέβας δὲ πῶς ἔστιν, ὅσοντι καὶ δὴ

Μοῖραι ἐπαυλίσουσ', ἀπὸς τῆς ἰδῆς ἴσας,

Εἴχου ἀναχέμεσθαι, ἣ δὲ ἀνέλεται ἀλείπει ἡμᾶς.

Εἰσας, τοσούτων μετὰ τῶν πάλιν.

Οὐ γὰρ αὖθις δάσκαλοι γὰρ φρονεῖν ἀνέλεται ἔργῳ

ἄλλῳ, ὅς ὃν ἀνέλεται ἢ γῆς ἀνέλεται.

Πολλὰκι δ' ἡρώτητα φεγγά, καὶ δῦποι ἀέρονται

Fig. 1. - 3' clay, 1' sand, 1' gravel, 1' sand.

Αλλ' ὅ μ' ἔκ τ' ἔπειτα, δούμην φίλον, εἴη σέθενος;

Τὰ δ' ὀλίγα γινάσκει, καὶ μέγας, ἢ τι παῖς.

Λατὴρ τῆς ξόμπανις τοῦ τοῦ πρῶτου φρονήματος τοῦ τοῦ

ဓာတ်အားရှိစွာ၊ နှိပ်စားပုံ အနိမ့်ဆုံး ပုံနှိပ်ပါ။

Ὡς περ γὰρ μὲν οὐρανὸς ἐν ὀφθαλμοῖς ἰσθῆται·

Ἐρδεν γὰρ πολλῶν ἀξία μὴν ἐστίν.



~~THE~~

THE

ELEGY III.

BUT ye are sprung from great Alcides' Race
 Invincible; from him your Line ye trace: I call
 Let not your Courage shrink at these Alarms; for still
 For Jove is with you; Jove protects your Arms, and still
 Fear not, tho' others greater Numbers boast; no still
 Not than the Fury of a crowded Host; and still
 Let the brave Soldier in the Battle wild
 Beyond the foremost Lines his staffy Shield;
 Glow with Conquest of Life, and turn the Light
 To sink with Glory to the Shades of Night.

For ye have learnt in active Toils afar
 Mars' angry Purpose, and the Rage of War:
 What 'tis to fly, what to pursue the Foe
 Yourselfs instructed by Experience know.

First in the Front who dare with Courage close;

15

And, standing near, the foremost Lines oppose,

Less frequent die, and save the Troops behind.

But for the Coward, whose unmanly Mind

Prompts him apart to tremble in the Rear;

His Merit sinks all smother'd in his Fear.

20

And ah! what Tongue can tell the dire Disgrace;

The Plagues unnumber'd, infamous, and base;

That wait that Man! Yet his a meaner Part

Who, in the first, receives the fatal Dart;

His Corse looks shameful on the bloody Ground;

25

Whose Back transfus'd betrays the inglorious Wound;

ΕΠΙΣΤΟΛΗ ΤΗΣ ΑΓΙΑΣ ΤΡΙΑΚΟΣΤΗΣ

ΕΛΕΓ. γ.

Α Δ Δ' (Ηρακλῆς δ' αἰνέτος ἡνὶ ἱερί)
 Θαρσύν', ἔστω Ζεὺς ἀρχὴν λοξὸν ἔχων.
 Ἄναξ ἀνδρῶν, πλεῖστον δαίμωνιόν, μὲν φεβῶντι·
 Ἰδὼς δ' αἰσχρομάχους ἀνδρῶν ἄντρον ἔχοντα,
 Ἐχέμεν μὲν φεβῶντι, δαίμων δ' ἐμὲ λυγρὸν
 Ἀδγασίην κῆρυγ' ἔχοντα φέροντα.
 Ἰεὶ δ' οἱ Ἀργεὺς ἐκείνου δαίμων ἔχοντα
 Ἐδ' ὅργῃς ἰδάντ', ἀφ' ἧς ἐκείνου
 Καὶ μὲν φεβῶντι τὶ δαίμων ἔχοντα ἡνὶ ἱερί.
 Ω κῆρι, ἀμφοτέρω δ' οἱς ἀέροι ἐλάσσειν
 Οἱ μὲν δ' ἐλπίσιν, ὡς ἀλλόλοισι μένοισι,
 Εἰς τ' αὐτοχάδιν κ' αἰσχρομάχους ἴσται.
 Παιρῶνται δ' ἡσυχασί, σάουσι δὲ λαὸν ὀπίσσω·
 Τρεφάμεν δ' ἀνδρῶν πᾶσ' ἀπὸ λαῶν ἀρετῆς.

10

οἱ

Οὐδ' αἶς ὅτ' αἰ σέβη ταῦτα λίγην αἰῶσιν ἴκατα·

15

Οἷοι δὲ πύχνη σάββα γίγνεται αἰὲς κακά·

Ἀργυραί γὰρ ὤπιοι μεταφρασίᾳ ἐγὶ δαίξαν·

Ἀνδρὲς φεύγουσι· δαίρ' ἐν πολέμῳ·

Αἰχρὲς δ' ἐγὶ εἶπες πάλαι· αἰμαίνε· ἐν ποίησι

ἡῶτοι ὤπιοι αἰχρῇ θυρὸς ἐλατταίνε·

20



ELEGY

ELEGY IV.

THEN let each Youth, firm-rooted in the Strand,
 Gnawing his Lip with Rage, maintain his
 Stand;

And o'er his Shoulders, Breast, and Thighs below,
 The broad Circumference of his Buckler throw.

Let his right Hand outstretch the ponderous Lance, 5
 And o'er his Head a dreadful Plumeage dance.

Then let him tempt some great Exploit, and dare
 To prove the dread Experiment of War.

Nor at a Distance trembling stand, and wield
 Beyond the Reach of Darts his useless Shield; 10

But instant with his Spear direct the Blow,

Unsheath his Falchion, and o'ertake the Foe;

Foot join'd with Foot, Target with Target clos'd,

Helmet to Helmet, Crest to Crest oppos'd.

Let

Let Host with Host engag'd each other wound,
Dealing with Sword and Lance Destruction round.

15

BUT ye, that lightly arm'd maintain the Field,
Forth issuing from the Covert of your Shield,
With Stones and Javelins raise your brisk Alarms,
Nor keep far distant from the heavier Arms,

20



F. A. F.

ΠΑΡΑΚΛΗΤΙΚΟΝ

ΕΛΕΓ. Δ.

ΑΛΛΑ' τις ἐν ἀβυσσὶς μνήτη ποσὶν ἀμφοτέρωσι
Σταγυρθεὶς ἐπὶ γῆς, χαίλων ὀδῶσι δακρύει

Μυρὶς τι πῦμας τι καὶ τὸν ἢ γίγται ἢ ἄμης

Λογίδω· ἐνρίαι γὰρ ἐκ κατακλῆμιν·

Δειξιτέρῃ δ' ἐν χαλῶ παραστάτω ἄνθρωπον ἔχοντα

Κινίτη δὲ λίαν ἐκείνην ἴσως ἀφ' αὐτοῦ

Ἐρδαν δ' ἔχοντα ἴσως ἀφ' αὐτοῦ ἀφ' αὐτοῦ

Μεῦ ἐκείνη βολάν ἴσως ἀφ' αὐτοῦ ἴσως

Ἀλλὰ τις ἵψους ἰάν, ἀνταρστήν· ἴσως ἀφ' αὐτοῦ

Ἡ ξίφει ἐτάζον, δύνει ἀνδρ' ἰλάν.

Καὶ πίδα πικρὸν πικρὸν θάψ, καὶ ἐκ' ἀσπίδω· ἀσπίδ' ἰρίσας,

Εἰ δὲ λίφαι τι λίφαι, ἢ πύκναι ἀντή,

Καὶ γίγται γίγται πτωχευμένω· ἀνδρ' μαχρίδω,

Ἡ ξίφει· πύκναι ἢ δύνει μαχρίδω ἰλάν.

Ἰμῶς

Ἰρῆς δ' ἂν γυμνῆτις, ὑπ' ἀσπίδι, ἀλλοθεν ἄλλοι.

15

Παύσας, μεγάλης βολῆς, χροῦ, ἡλίου,

Δάσασι τε ξοροῖσι ἀκιστίζοις ἰς αὐτῆς,

Ταῖσι παυσάταις πλεονάζει γάρμυνι.



ELEGY

ELEGY V.

TIS glorious first among the slain to lie,
And for one's Country 'tis a Bliss to die.

But sure who fondly quits his native Home,
A Beggar vile in foreign Climes to roam,
His aged Parents wand'ring by his Side, 5
His infant Children; and his youthful Bride,
Sure his of all Conditions is the worst,
And of all Wretches he the most accurst.
Where'er he goes, with Penury oppress'd,
Of all he begs, to none a welcome Guest. 10
He stains the Honours of his Father's Race,
And wears a piteous Form that speaks Disgrace;

Ver. 3. *But sure who fondly quits his native Home.*] Nothing sure could more prompt a Man to behave well in Battle, than the Dread of becoming the miserable Object of Contempt here represented in so feeling a Manner.

E

Gloomy

Gloomy Despair o'erhangs his anxious Mind,

Inur'd to ev'ry Ill, to Sloth resign'd.

Who wanders thus, can feel no honest Shame,

19

No just Ambition's Fire, no Thirst of Fame.

LET us then bold for this our Country fight,

And scorn our Lives to save our Children's Right.



E L E G Y.

ΕΛΕΓ. Ε΄.

ΤΕθνήμηναι γὰρ καλόν ἐστι προμάχοισι πιστόν·
 Ἄνδρ' ἀγαθόν, ὅστις ἢ πατρὶδι μνησάμενον.

Τὴν δ' αὐτὴν περιπόνηα πόλιν καὶ πόσιος ἀγῶν·
 Πτωχόνου, πάντων ἔσ' ἀνηρέτατον,

Πλαζόμενοι σὺν μητρὶ φίλῃ, καὶ πατρὶ γέροντι,

Παῖσ' ἐν σὺν μικροῖς, ευριδίῃ τ' ἀλόχῳ.

Βυχθὸς μὲν γὰρ τοῖσι μετρίοιςαι ὅς κεν ἱκεῖαι,

Χρηνοσύνη τ' εἴκῃ καὶ τυχαῖῃ πείρῃ.

Διχούτῃ τι γένε', καὶ δ' ἀγλαὸν εἶδος ἰαίχρ'.

Πᾶσα δ' ἀθυμία καὶ παρόντος ἱκεῖαι.

Εἴδ' ὅπως ἀνδρός ται ἀλωμένα ὑδαμὶ ὥρη

Γηγῆσαι, ὅτ' αἰδὼς εἰσοσίῃσι τιλίδῃ.

Θυμῷ γὰρ πῶς πῶς τῶνδε μαχόμενα, καὶ ὅστις παῖδων

Θύοσκονται, ψυχῆναι μελέτι φηδόμενοι.

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H A F T E R

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ELEGY VI

BUT fight, young Men, and, standing Side by Side,
 Disdain base Flight, and coward Fear decide.

Firm and resolv'd engage your warlike Foes,

And learn to slight that Life ye ought to lose.

Nor leave the aged Sire alone to bear,

With Nerves unstrung, the Fury of the War.

To see the old Man prostrate on the Plain

Before the younger, foremost of the slain,

Whose Chin old Age with hoary Hairs has spread,

And pour'd her silver Honours o'er his Head, 19

While yet he gasps upon the bloody Ground,

Breathing his valiant Soul thro' many a Wound,

His mangled Corse all naked to the Light,

Save what his Hands preserve from public Sight,

Ver. 14. Save what his Hands preserve from public Sight.]
 There is nothing wanting to render this Picture thoroughly shocking

O! this

O! this is base. But every State becomes
 The Warrior that in fullest Vigour blooms.
 His lovely Form, quicken'd with youthful Fire,
 Women, and Men, and all at once admire.
 Or should he, fighting with the foremost, fall,
 He still is honour'd, still beloy'd by all.

THEN let each Youth, firm-rooted in the Strand,
 Gnawing his Lip with Rage, maintain his Stand.

to the Delicacy of those Times. And how great their Delicacy was in this Respect may be seen from the HECUBA of EURIPIDES, ver. 570, where TALTHYBIUS tells HECUBA, among other affecting Circumstances, that POLYXENA took Care, in her dying Agonies, to fall decently. PENTHESILEA likewise takes the same Care, in the same Circumstances. QUINT. CALAB. B. I. l. 630. There is a Passage like this in the Twenty-third Book of the ILIAD, ver. 72. And JULIUS CESAR pulled his Robe over his Knees after he was stabbed,

And pour'd his blood o'er his Head
 While yet he gripe upon the bloody Ground,
 Breathing his valiant Soul thro' many a Wound,
 His mangled Corpse all naked to the Light
 Save where his Hands protect from public Sight.

E A E T.



ΕΛΕΓ. 6.

Ι Ο Λ Ξ Τ

Ω Νίσι, ἀλλὰ μάχῃδι παρ' ἀλλήλοισι μένεις,
Μηδὶ φύγῃς αἰχρῶν ἀρχῇ, μηδὶ φόβῳ.

Ἀλλὰ μέγας πωλεῖται καὶ ἄλκιμος ἐν φρεσὶ θυμῷ,
Μηδὶ φιλοψυχὴν ἀνδράσι μαρτυρήμηνον.

Τὸς δ' ἀσπασιοτέρους, ὃν ἐκίτι γύναι' ἰλαφρῶς,
Μὴ κατὰλαίποινις φεύγῃς τὸς γιγχεύς.

Αἰχρῶν γὰρ δὴ τῦτο μὲν προμάχοισι πιστόν,
Κοῖσθαι πρὸς δὲ νῦν ἄνδρα ἀσπασιότερον,

Ἦδη λευκὸν ἔχουσα κόρη, σπυλὴν τε γυνεῖα,
Θυμὸν ὑποταίσοντ' ἄλκιμον ἐν κοίῃ,

Αἰμαλοῖντ' αἰδοῖα φίλαις ἐν χερσὶν ἔχουσα,
(Αἰχρὰ τέγ' ὀφθαλμοῖς καὶ νηυσὶν ἰδοῖ)

Καὶ χρεὶα γυμνοθήναι· νόισι δὲ πάντ' ἐπιτίκει,
Οφρ' ἄρα τῆς ἥδης ὀγλὰν ἀνιδεῖν ἔχῃ.

Ανδράσι μὲ θυτοῖσι ἰδεῖν, ἱερτοῖς δὲ γυναιξί

13

Ζοὺς ἰδὲ καλὸς δ', ἐν πορομάχουσι ποισάν.

Ἀλλὰ τῇ αὖ ἀφ' ἑσθλῆς μενέτω ποισὶ ἀμφατίσῃ

Σταρχθεὶς ἐπὶ γῆς, χρῆλον ὁδῶσι δακύν.

Τ Ε Λ Ο Σ .



22 JY 59

POSTSCRIPT.

THERE is a Difficulty in the fifth and sixth Verses of the third Elegy, which the Translator would have attempted to clear in the Notes, could he have done it to his own Satisfaction. The Text runs thus:

Ἐχθρὸν μὲ ψυχῇ διπλοῦς, θανάτῳ δὲ μελαίμης

Αὐγαῖσιν κῆρας ἡλιόιο φίδας.

We find the following Explanation of these Words, in the *Glasgow* Edition of our Author. “ Perhaps (says the “ Editor) it may be thus: *Look on*

F

Life,

" *Life as odious in the Sight of the Sun,*

" [*unless you conquer*] *but think he will*

" *shine with Pleasure on your fallen*

" *Bodies, however dark and gloomy Death*

" *may be to others."*

THE *Latin* Translation, which is found in this, and the common Edition of the Minor Poets, is in these Words :

*Invisam amissurus Animam, Mortisque nigrum,
Sed Solis splendori gratum, subiturus Fatum.*

As this Passage seems to be rather obscure and perplexed, and the Illustrations given above differ so much one from the other, and that of the Translator is scarce agreeable to either, the Reader will be at Liberty to chuse

which of these he pleases for himself, or at least to judge which of the three is most suitable to the Genius and Spirit of TYRTÆUS, or, perhaps, entirely to reject them all. For he fears it will be no easy Matter to make any Sense of the exact Letter of the Text, which he cannot help thinking is in this Place corrupted. And he is the more apt to be of this Opinion, because the general Construction of the Author is very simple and natural. Here, on the contrary, it is very harsh, and cannot without Force be made to have any Meaning, so that either some Word must be wanting, or else there must be a Mistake in putting one Word for another.

As

As this is the Case, he thought it necessary to acknowledge, that these Lines appeared as difficult to him, as they have done to others. And though he is convinced there must be some Mistake, he will not however venture to point out the right Reading, merely from his own Conjecture. He does not pretend to have removed the Difficulty of the Passage, but submits his Translation of it to the Judgment of the Public.

22 JV 59
FINIS

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